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ESL 222-2

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Complete project with 2nd drafts

July 21, 2011

Once Ross Perot said, “Most people give up just when they're about to achieve success. They quit on the one yard line. They give up at the last minute of the game, one foot from a winning touchdown.” Fortunately, I was one of such people. I say “fortunately” because events, happened after my surrender, have changed me and my life. I needed to get burned once so as not to make same mistakes again. And I am sure that I will not quit on the one yard line again, I will not give up nor at the last moment, nor ever else.

**Inception**

It is May 17th, and I am at the camp for mathematicians, the place where national team is formed. Huge plumy clouds are drifting above me, resembling fluffy snow-white lambs, cover the sun. I am lying on emerald lawn next to a sight says, “Walking on the lawn is forbidden.” However, I am not walking on lawn, I am lying on it so I don’t break a rule. I am feeling reproachful stares of passers; they see tall, thin, sixteen years old guy carelessly lying on the grass. However, this image is misleading. I am not careless, I have troubles but I don’t want to solve them; I just wanted to escape from them. However, I don’t have strength to rise from the ground. Suddenly I hear the rustle of grass; I know that there is only one person except me who would walk on the lawn. His name is Burhan, my mathematics instructor, tall man with athletic complexion; he looks more like professional athlete but when people first time look to his eyes, they understand that he is very wise person and his soul is much older than people think. I whispered, "I want to go home. Did you buy a ticket? If you didn’t, I would buy it myself and go home.” I am expecting to hear familiar strict voice of my teacher but the voice I hear is different, it is his voice but it sounds indulgent, “No, I didn’t. I asked juries to reconsider their decision not to include you in a team. Also, I don’t think that you can buy a ticket without it,” says Burhan with sly voice. I look at him and see my passport in his right hand. His complacent view annoys me and I recognize that this person will not stop fighting for me, even if I had already stopped. The rest of day I spend lying on grass. The sky is dotted by millions of bright stars, I am rising from ground and go to my room.

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Next morning, I am opening open my eyes, everything is hazy but I can see a guy wearing strange clothes. I recognize team’s uniform: blindingly white classical pants, blue jacket with golden national patterns on collar. “Get up, we are moving after twenty minutes,” says young man, now I recognize him, he is a captain of our national team. I raise and see team’s uniform hanging in my cabinet. On the top shelf of cabinet I find my passport and envelope. The inscription on the envelope is written by very familiar, horrible handwriting, “Still want to go home?”

**Changes**

Before May 17th I had never faced with big difficulties and once I faced, I completely stopped fighting for my goals and lost any strength. That day I fell under weight of my first difficulty. Despite the obvious fact that I was not good enough to be included in the team, I was blaming my teacher for that he didn’t prepared me well; I was blaming juries for that they didn’t include me in the team but I wasn’t blaming myself, the only person who is responsible for this failure. Next day when I was dressing uniform everything has changed, I am proud to say that when I looked to the mirror I didn’t see the guy that was lying on the grass day before; I saw another person. I saw young man with suffered self esteem with feeling that he is not worthy for opportunity he got. I saw person judging *himself* for almost lost opportunity and for weakness that was demonstrated by him. However, nobody likes accusing oneself, so do I. Therefore, I promised to myself that I will do everything I can to achieve my aims and I will always keep fighting for my dreams so I will not be able to rebuke myself for failure.

My jacket’s last button remained and when I was fastening it I uttered cherished phrase, “I will never give up…”

**Never, never, never give up**

At the awards ceremony, I was holding a bronze medal, *my* bronze medal. “Now is the best time to read teacher’s letter,” thought I. I pulled the hesitated envelope out of my inner jacket pocket and with a smile looked at the words, “Still want to go home?” I opened the envelope and saw two pieces of paper. “You didn’t back down; we know that you will not let us down,” was written on the first paper I pulled out, I looked to the signature and saw surname of person who formed our national team.

Despite the fact that I was worse than any other team member, jury gave me an opportunity to participate that Mathematics Competition, they did so because they thought that I was a person who never gives up. The most powerful people in the education sector of Kazakhstan believed in me and allowed to represent my country just because they thought that I wouldn’t back down. Thanks to their deed, I understood that people who keep fighting even when their chances to achieve are incredibly small not only approach success but also inspire hope in others.

Great achievements grow out of fragile hope. Hope is a first step of the grand trip to the dream and until people see real examples of great success, the hope will live in their hearts. Only a person who believes in achievement and strives for that in spite of all adversities, can lead others. Such person is like a beacon that helps to stay on the road to dream. All great regents had strong wills that didn’t allow them to back down. Zhangir Khan, a great king of Kazakh nation, was outcast after he returned from captivity. My nation believed that every single person caught by enemies must kill oneself because all secrets must die with captive. Therefore, returning from captivity was shame but Zhangir’s deeds gained people’s trust and sooner army of ten thousand people was defeated by detachment of six hundred men, headed by Zhangir Khan. This example reminds people of my nation that there is no no-win scenario and dreams are worth fighting for them.

Every great achievement is named so because they seem impossible to reach. However, people, who have been the main reason for these accomplishments, stubbornly marching towards their dream coping with all difficulties encountered on their way. Confucius, one of the greatest of Western thinkers, said, “Strong is not the one who didn’t fall but who managed to rise after falling.” The majority of people who have contributed to the development of humanity fell and found strength to keep fighting. Success may not come immediately but every hardship every failure makes people stronger and opens bigger opportunities for them. Thomas Edison had had six thousand failures before he created electric bulb. After each failure he was saying that he got closer to his aim on one step, so each failure brought him nearer to the goal. Abraham Lincoln, American National hero, couldn’t succeed in business; twice he went bankrupt, eight times he was defeated in run for different posts in government, probably these failures made him one of the greatest President of United States. These people are just a few out of hundreds writers of history who were strong enough to rise under the weight of difficulties. Successes do not make people stronger but difficulties and failures do because they harden people’s character. Before excluding me from national team I had won everything I could and these successes didn’t make me stronger, they just inserted fear in my soul, fear of losing. Therefore, event happened May 17th was my first difficulty and even if I couldn’t rise without help of my teacher, this difficulty has changed my life, I became stronger, now I am not afraid of difficulties and I am ready and eager to face with them. If people faced and passed through failures and difficulties, next barriers they will face wouldn’t stop them because these people have already gone through a lot. I call such people writers of history because they were hosts of own lives, they were building own future, own lives; their decisions determined stroke of history and they were building the world we know. As long as your heart is beating, you can write your own story. I write mine, do you?

Humanity has tremendous opportunities and people have proved that each person can build own wonderful future and change any aspects of own life to the better. However, people are not able to change the past. Unfortunately, opportunities lost in the past are usually lost forever. Regrets about the past pursue people for the years and some people can’t get rid of them for the whole life. People blame themselves and eager to go back in time but until time machine is not discovered the only way to solve this problem is to fight for own goals, to be ready to sacrifice everything for the dream, to look in the face of difficulties and not to run away from them, to write own life in the way that there will be nothing to regret about. And I do so, I was lucky not to lose opportunity to represent my country after my failure but in any way even now I blame myself for the weakness I showed, my self esteem has suffered and my pride will not survive after another manifestation of weakness.

Even if people striving for their dreams didn’t succeed yet, they would not have anything to blame themselves because they did everything they could. Even if people rising after any failures didn’t succeed yet, these failures just make them stronger. Even if people desperately struggling for own goals didn’t succeed yet, they can encourage others to perform a feat. Once Winston Churchill said, “Never, never, never give up.” And if after all that you have read in that paper you ask, “Why would I do that?” I will respond, the answer is because *you can* and *you will*.

**Letter**

“The car is waiting,”-mother imperceptibly hints that I need to go. I take my jacket and with reluctance go out of my apartment. After looking to the cloudless sky I get in the black Audi which belongs to my high school. After having arranged at the back seat conveniently and taking courage I unfold the letter, the letter which is written by my teacher...

Yes, you were wrong and weakness that you demonstrated is the worst thing I have ever seen. If you don’t blame yourself for it, start to do it immediately. If you have already started, stop doing it. Self-reproach will not change past. The only thing you can do is to become stronger, so strong that next time when you will face with difficulty you will not ran away from it but you will fight with it. You can think that you don’t deserve the chance you got. And actually, Rustam which was lying on the lawn yesterday **does not** deserve this opportunity. However, I believe that people are changing. And hopefully, Rustam which I will see next time deserves it.

Everything is in your hands, kid. Finally, I want to say that I always saw you as a warrior fighting for own goals. Make sure that I will see him again.

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Probably I was reading the letter so slowly that couldn’t recognize that the car is already approaching to the high school. I see that students have already created a corridor of honor by standing on the roadside. Under thunderous applause I am going out of the car and see a boy standing near to me. I am remembering myself, for years I was standing in such rows and applauding for students coming from different types of competitions, and finally I became a one for whom this corridor is done. I am seeing Burhan coming to meet me; this person deserves corridor of honor much more than me because this person caused all accomplishments I achieved. I am shaking his hand and remember the letter that I have just written I understand how strongly he believes in me and I start believing in myself even more, so I whisper to Burhan, “The person you wanted to see, the warrior fighting for goals, he is in front of you.”